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THE DAILY MIRROR, Saturday, March 4, 1916.
GERMANS USING SHOCK TACTICS AGAINST VERDUN

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1916

One Halfpenny.

**A SCHOOL FOR WAR: PEACEFUL ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE
CONVERTED INTO A "BATTLEFIELD."**



The smoke from bursting shells and bombs during a sham battle "somewhere in England." The men can be seen in the trenches.

CARMEN SYLVA DEAD.



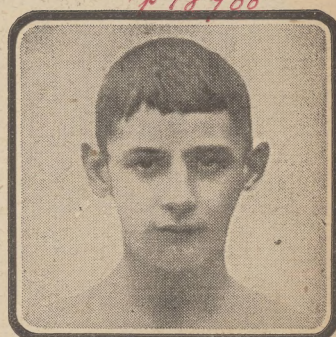
Carmen Sylva, the Dowager Queen of Rumania, who has died. She wrote many beautiful books and poems, and during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-8, in which Rumania was involved, earned the title of "Mother of the wounded."



Officers with bombs, showing how they are carried.

When the men get under fire at the front for the first time the experience is not entirely strange, as battle practice is held during their training in England. It is very realistic.

WHERE IS THIS BOY?



A ward in Chancery named John Hubert Butler, who is missing. A reward is offered for information, which should be sent to 20, St. Augustine's-road, Bedford. The boy is fifteen years old, and it is thought possible that he is working in a munition factory.

NINE MORE MARRIED GROUPS SOON.

End of April Call to Husbands Up to Thirty-Five?

THE SINGLE "STARRED."

The forecast of another big call-up of married groups was made yesterday.

The Press Association said it had been informed on good authority yesterday afternoon that a further call of nine married groups in addition to the eight already announced had been decided upon.

The date of call, which had been provisionally fixed, would be towards the end of April.

The proclamations would be issued in the ordinary way, but they were not likely to appear on the hoardings for about another fortnight at least.

It was stated at the War Office yesterday that a report purporting to give details of an arrangement which had been arrived at for utilising the services of married men in Groups 25 to 46 to replace single munition workers and others was not authentic.

Any schemes of this character are still under discussion, and in this connection it is understood that an important conference was held at the War Office yesterday regarding the position of single men employed in certified occupations.

This new call would take the following men:

Group.	Age.	Group.	Age.
33	23	37	33
34	23	38	33
35	23	39	33
36	23	40	34
37	23	41	35
38	31		

Only five of the Derby groups would then remain uncalled—groups 42 to 46 inclusive (men from 36 to 40 inclusive).

A call towards the end of April would mean that the nine groups would begin to report for service in the next few days of April, and onwards. The call would be posted up this week-end—posters have already been received at Hull, said a message yesterday—is to Groups 25 to 32 inclusive. That is to say, all married attested men past eighteen years old and not yet twenty-seven.

THOSE MEN WITH CONSCIENCES.

There were more cases of conscientious objections before the tribunals yesterday.

His Theory.—The remarkable theory that a God has not got an earthly kingdom. His people are not called upon to take up the sword, was propounded by a conscientious objector at Weybridge, named Theodore Guillaume.

The tribunal adjourned the case in order that applicant might be examined by a military medical officer.

Would Not Paint Red Cross.—A Stratford painter told the tribunal he would not even paint a Red Cross on an ambulance van.

"Honest Milkmen Rare Indeed."—"The chief reason why I want this milkman is because he is honest," said a farmer at the Ogwen (Conarvonshire) tribunal. He said that it was very difficult to get an honest man to go round with the milk cart, and the farmers on the tribunal agreed that honest milkmen were very rare indeed. Three months' exemption was given.

SPURIOUS REJECTION.

Lord Derby's revelation in the House of Lords of the existence of spurious rejection forms excited a good deal of comment in military circles yesterday.

"The difficulties that are being put in the way of the War Office in ascertaining whether a man has been legitimately rejected on medical grounds are making the work of the department extremely difficult," he said.

"Many of the objection forms have practically nothing upon them excepting the word 'rejection,' no signature, and nothing to show the cause of rejection."

I need not say how necessary it is to inquire carefully into this matter, and we hear that spurious rejection forms are fetching anything from £2 to £5 a piece.

The Daily Mirror, acting upon Lord Derby's suggestion, made careful inquiries into the matter yesterday.

First of all, The Daily Mirror sought information from the Director-General of Recruiting himself. Lord Derby was "very sorry," but could give no information.

Another military expert, although he had heard of no cases of the kind mentioned by Lord Derby, expressed little surprise at his revelation.

"Printed papers are almost always lying about in recruiting offices," he said, "and it would be quite possible for unscrupulous persons to make illegitimate use of them."

GALLANT CREW COMES HOME.

The White Star liner Athenic, having on board part of the crew of the Clan MacFavish, which was sunk by the German commerce raider Mowee after an exciting fight, anchored at the mouth of the Thames yesterday.

She left Tenerife about ten days ago, bringing with her, in addition to the men of the gallant Clan MacFavish, the crews of other ships which have fallen victims to the Mowee.

INVASION PLANS.

Startling Article Revealing Foe's Plot Against U.S.A.

THE VERDICT OF VERDUN.

The Huns are nothing if not thorough. That point is beyond dispute. We have already had practical demonstration of it. But more remains behind.

The Germans are ready to invade the United States. All their plans are laid and worked out to the last letter—when they will land, how many men they will land there, how they will isolate America from her munition factories, how they will smash the American Navy—all these points and many more have been definitely decided on.

In to-morrow Sunday Pictorial they will be laid bare. Major Stuart Stephens has discovered the whole deeply-laid plot. And his article is one of the most startling ever set before the public.

It will startle America! Mr. Bottomley contributes to the same number a powerful pronouncement on "The Verdict of Verdun," which is certain to be read eagerly at the present critical juncture; while Mr. Austin Harrison writes on "How the Women Can Help to Win the War"—an article no patriotic woman can afford to miss.

Another remarkable contribution comes from Dr. Charles Soreles, the editor of *Everyman*, who draws a vivid picture of life in Belgium as it is to-day under the domination of the Huns.

CINEMA SCENE.

Two Sisters Awarded Damages Against Governors of Hospital.

An exciting scene at a cinema theatre was described yesterday in Mr. Justice Rowlatt's Court, when Miss Pauline Samuels and Miss Lena Samuels, sisters living at Gurney, sued Mr. Bernard Townsend and other governors of the Western Skin Hospital, London, to recover damages for assault by one of their servants.

Mr. Moresby said that the governors leased from the Cinema Trust, Ltd. (Hammersmith Theatre), the cinema in Hammersmith Broadway for each Sunday for a year, the custom being among various hospitals to raise money in this way for charities.

On Sunday, November 1, 1914, the two plaintiffs and two men friends went to the cinema and took a box. After a few minutes a woman attendant accused them of putting out the light in the box. They called up the manager, who saw that there was something wrong with the light and apologised. Later a big man in some sort of uniform burst into the box and called out to the plaintiffs: "Get out of this." He seized them both, snatched up their furs, etc., and hustled them downstairs.

Miss Lena Samuels said the attendant said to them: "Get out you, chocolate and all. We have had your sort here before." Witness went into hysterics.

Mr. William Woods, the cinema manager, said that he told the male friends of the plaintiffs when they returned from going out that they could not go back to the box as there was no readmission. He then told the attendant to tell the ladies to join the gentlemen.

Mr. Justice Rowlatt said he regarded the cinema servants as the employees of the defendants for these Sundays. What took place constituted a technical assault, but he thought a lot of the disturbance was the fault of the plaintiffs themselves. He gave judgment for them for £15 each and costs.

MADE THE GERMANS CROSS.

"The day we left Krushevatz the news came of the wreck of the Zeppelin in the North Sea. There was a wild outburst of hatred on the part of the Germans, and both here and at Belgrade the German officers jeered at their Austrian comrades and asked: 'Why do you help the English swine?'"

Such was an incident narrated to Reuter by Major Graham Aspland, who has just arrived in England from Vienna and Serbia.

"There is a growing dislike," he said, "to Germans on the part of the Austrians."

The Austrians are, in fact, becoming disillusioned. They regard with dread the possibility of another winter campaign.

It is not an uncommon view that it cannot continue over the summer. At the same time there is no very clear view expressed as to how it will end."

WOMAN CONDUCTOR KILLED.

A verdict of Accidental Death was returned yesterday at a Westminster inquest on Marjorie Field, twenty-four, a "trainway-car conductor," employed at Bexley.

Thomas Martin, a driver, said that they were taking car out of the yard at Bexley at 5 a.m., and they went behind to change over the trolley. Another car which was being shunted came up, and although witness attempted to lift the girls out of the way she was pinned between the buffers.

It was stated that whilst she was in hospital her chief anxiety was to avoid any blame being put on her fellow-employees, and to thank Martin for his attempts to save her.

BEWILDERED 'TOMMY.'

The Effect Latest Fashions Have Upon Wounded Soldiers.

ROYALTY AT DRESS DISPLAY.

Two boxfuls of royalty gazed delightedly yesterday at the revue, play, display—call it what you will; it was a Fashion Fair—organised by Lady Essex and Lady Alastair Innes-Ker in aid of the Waterloo Buffet for Soldiers.

Queen Alexandra, a slim figure in jet, and the Princess Victoria occupied one box, attended by Lord Howe.

The Princess Royal with Princess Maud were in a second box.

Down in the stalls a jury of many hundreds of society women sat to watch and decided that there was no stage was the very essence of the.

The matinee took place at the Gaiety Theatre, and although an excellent programme preceded it the item of the afternoon was this playlet—"The Very Latest" in which Mr. Knobloch has constructed a remarkably clever framework on which to hang a display by London's first dressmakers.

Miss Dorziat and Miss Ethel Levey, as the heads of a big millinery and dressmaking establishment, exhibit a series of gowns and hats to their noble and wealthy customers, played by Lady Diana Manners, Miss Elizabeth Asquith (the Princess's daughter), Mrs. Lavery, Lady Gwendolen Churchill and Lady Cynthia Asquith.

In the evening gowns fashion had blown to net and tulle, and the tulle had blown over hoops and furbelows of wire.

It needed the garlands of roses placed here and there to hold down such airy-fairy lightness.

So puffed were two little frocks with vanity that panniers weighted with pearl embroidery were almost necessary.

The usual attendance of wounded soldiers expressed their surprised state of feeling when they remarked, going out, that "Them dresses, fair jiggers a man."

COWED CHILDREN.

Gaol for Mother Whose Little Ones Seemed Half Starved.

Summoned for ill-treating her thirteen-year-old daughter Elizabeth and for neglecting her five younger children, ranging in age from twelve years to twelve months, Susannah North, a soldier's wife, residing at Stafford-place, Ivy-lane, Hoxton, was sentenced at Old-street Police Court yesterday to four months' imprisonment, with hard labour.

Dr. Llewellyn stated that the children appeared ill-nourished, depressed and cowed, and the mother's appearance suggested that she was addicted to drink.

Inspector Warlow, of the N.S.P.C.C., said that he found five children at defendant's house. He had to send for her, and when she appeared half an hour later it was evident that she had been drinking.

The children seemed half-starved, and food for which he sent was eaten by the children ravenously.

She was receiving 30s. 6d. a week, so she said, but he believed it was more than that.

The relieving officer for the Hoxton district said that Nurse Walton, of the Harman-street Medical Mission of the Good Shepherd, had received several inquiries from defendant's husband asking if she was keeping away from the drink.

TIRED OF WAR?

AMSTERDAM, March 3.—A selection in German of Mr. Lloyd George's speeches has been published, according to *Die Vorwaertszeitung*, by Doctor Rudolf Friedmann, under the title of "Germany Armed."

The object of the publication is to prove "that these speeches are the best testimony of German Kultur. They are the speeches of an enemy, it is true, but of an enemy who does not tire of holding up as an example to be followed German unity of spirit and sacrifice to duty."

The introduction concludes:—"But where such recognition breaks forth, as in these speeches, which tower so high above the speeches of other enemies, there can be an agreement, and there must be an agreement if possible. Who would not wish it?"—Reuter.

DELAYED HONOURS.

Mr. Tennant mentioned in Parliamentary Papers that it was the 8th (Service) Battalion York and Lancaster Regiment and the 8th (Service) Battalion West Riding Regiment, which, at a moment when things were looking dangerous in the attack on Anafarta Ridge, on August 10, 1915, rendered very good service on the left of the Territorials.

These names were not given by Sir Ian Hamilton in his dispatch of December 11.

OFFICER FOUND DEAD IN BED.

Captain Halford Gay Burdett, Assistant Provost Marshal in Tunbridge Wells, was found dead in bed yesterday. He practised as a barrister-at-law in London, and leaves a widow and family.

GIRL'S MANY HOMES AND "MOTHERS."

Belgian Child Adopted by Poor Pupils of London School.

ALL LOVE ELIZABETH.

Driven from her home in Antwerp by the Germans, a cheery, bright-eyed little Belgian girl of seven, named Elizabeth Callebaut, is now very happy as the adopted "daughter" of the schoolchildren of the Wild-street (Drury-lane) London County Council School.

For over a year now the girls of this school, themselves among the poorest of the poor, have acted as "little mothers" to the child refugee. They have tenderly clothed and generally looked after Elizabeth with such motherly care and genuine delight, sacrificing their sweets money week after week for this purpose, that now the little Belgian girl is as happy as any child in fairyland.

The Belgian Refugees Committee in Aldwych found Elizabeth for the Wild-street schoolchildren, and although at first she cried very much and could not be tempted to join and make friends with the English children, even by liberal supplies of sweets, bananas and oranges, she confessed to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday in good English that now she loved her friends and was not a bit anxious to ever go back to Belgium.

LAVISH OF KISSES.

The schoolchildren are very fond of Elizabeth, for she is an affectionate child and never tires of showering kisses upon all her adopted "mothers," while they in their turn never tire of listening to the sweet little Belgian songs which she sings to them.

The halfpennies and farthings which the schoolchildren bring to school with clockwork regularity even look for Elizabeth's keep and clothing are carefully hoarded by the headmistress, and the little girl lives at the house of one of her "mothers."

From time to time, however, her home is changed, for there is much competition among the "little mothers" to be allowed to look after their little girl out of school hours.

Recently Elizabeth's mother reached England also, but the little mothers of Wild-street School have refused to give up their adopted daughter. On a recent occasion when Mme. Callebaut visited the school all the children, including her own little girl, sang the Belgian National Anthem in French in her honour.

Mme. Callebaut was so deeply touched by the devotion of the English children for her own little girl that she shed tears of joy.

£2,000-A-YEAR INFANT TO PAY TAX.

In the Court of Appeal yesterday their Lordships allowed the appeal of the Crown in the case of William Huxley, the jockey, earning £2,000 a year, against a decision that, being an infant, he was not liable to pay income-tax.

Their Lordships held that an infant in Huxley's position was liable to be assessed and charged with income-tax.

DEFENCE OF HER HONOUR.

The King's Proctor intervened in a case in the Divorce Court yesterday in connection with a decree granted to an estate agent named Joseph Leech.

He had alleged that his wife left him, went to Glasgow, and misconducted herself with miners.

Mr. Hume Williams, K.C., said Mrs. Leech was a respectable, hard-working woman, and that the evidence against her was false.

Mrs. Leech said she could not defend her honour before because she had no means. Adjourned.

GIRL AND POISON CHARGE.

A girl of thirteen, named Edith Kenning, was charged at Brentford yesterday with administering spirits of salts to Rose Champkin.

The girl, who works at Hounslow, where Champkin is employed as a cook, stayed out late with a soldier on Sunday evening, and on her return asked Champkin not to tell her mother, adding that if she did she would have her revenge.

On Wednesday Champkin made some tea, and it was alleged that prisoner put some spirits of salts in her cup.

The magistrates remanded the girl with a view to her being sent to an industrial home.

CARMEN SYLVA'S FATAL CHILL.

AMSTERDAM, March 2.—A telegram from Bukarest states that the Dowager Queen of Rumania died at half-past seven this morning.

The funeral will take place on Sunday at the Curtea de Argej Palace.

Some weeks ago her Majesty returned to Bukarest from Curtea de Argej, the burial-place of the late King Carol, where she usually stayed.

One week ago she caught a slight cold, which rapidly developed into inflammation of the lungs.

The King and Queen spent much of their time near the sick bed.—Reuter.

GERMANS AGAIN MAKING A "BATTERING RAM" BLOW FOR VERDUN

Foe Claim "Clearing" the Village of Douaumont.

THEIR CRUEL LOSSES.

French Shatter the Assaults at Vaux by Curtain Fire.

DEAD IN BARBED WIRE.

BATTLE IN A VILLAGE.

The German "battering ram" is again at work at the north of Verdun.

After attacks redoubled in violence, and at the cost of bitter losses, the Germans succeeded in entering the village of Douaumont. Fighting is going on in the only street in the village.

Vaux village, Paris reports, was attacked at the same time, and the assaults directed from the north and north-east were shattered by the French curtain fire.

"PUSHED LINE FORWARD."

After heavy artillery preparation, says Berlin, the Germans cleared the village of Douaumont of the French, and then the Germans pushed their line west and south of the village and fort to more favourable positions. The Germans claim taking 1,000 prisoners and some heavy guns.

IN GERMAN BASTION.

The success of the British south-east of Ypres is admitted by the Germans. Berlin says the British "even penetrated" into the former German forward trenches. The British, Berlin says, were driven out, but still occupy some parts of the bastion (salient).

STREET FIGHTING RAGES AT DOUAUMONT.

Slight German Success at the Price of "Cruel Losses."

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, March 3.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—"The German official communiqué issued in Berlin to-day says: 'South-east of Ypres, on the canal, the English penetrated into the "bastion" position which we took from them on February 14. They even broke through a small front to our former advanced trenches, from which they were immediately expelled. They still maintain themselves at isolated points of the bastion. South of the La Bassée Canal, in consequence of a hostile explosion before our front, there were vigorous encounters at close quarters. In Champagne the enemy artillery fire at different points rose to great intensity. In the Bolante Wood, north-east of Lachalade, Anagnin, a French partial attack was easily repelled. On the heights east of the Meuse, after vigorous artillery preparation, we cleared the village of Douaumont and advanced our lines west and south of the village, as well as the fort, into more favourable positions. Over 1,000 prisoners and six heavy guns were taken and brought in. Our airmen bombarded successfully the French troops in the fortress region of Verdun. Lieutenant Immelmann shot down, east of Douai, his ninth enemy aeroplane, a British biplane, with two officers, of whom one was killed and the other seriously wounded. Eastern Theatre of War.—There were patrol encounters on the Dvina, east of Friedrichstadt, as well as on the Serwetschschara front. Balkan Theatre of War.—No news.—Reuter.

In the region north of Verdun the enemy's bombardment and attacks continued throughout yesterday evening with redoubled violence. In the sector of the village of Douaumont, after several fruitless attempts, which were repulsed with cruel losses to the enemy, the Germans succeeded in penetrating into the village of Douaumont, where obstinate fighting continues. [The Wireless Press version of the communiqué says:—"Fighting continues across the only street of the village."] A little more to the east the village of Vaux was attacked at about the same time. The assaults directed from the north and the north-east were shattered by our curtains of fire and by our machine guns. The enemy had to retire, leaving on our barbed wire entanglements a great number of corpses. In the Woivre, towards the close of the evening yesterday, and during the night, an intense bombardment continued, but the enemy was prevented from debouching by our curtains of fire. West of the Meuse the enemy's artillery was active in the regions of Malancourt and Haucourt. In Lorraine, in the region south of the forest of Parroy, a weak attack was scattered by means of rifle and grenade fire.—Reuter.

STRONG FRENCH LINES.

"The lines which our Allies hold to-day are considerably stronger than those which the enemy attacked at the beginning of the battle, and they are becoming stronger every day."

So writes Mr. Warner Allen, representative of the British Press with the French armies, and he adds:—

"One thing, at least, over a year's experience of trench warfare has shown: if an assault on fortified lines is to have any real chance of success it must be successful immediately, otherwise, with modern means of communication, artillery, men, everything that the defence requires, can be concentrated on the threatened spot, and once that concentration has been made persistence in the assault can only lead to swelling the casualty lists. For these reasons the French in their strong positions are waiting with confidence any further attack that the German Army may attempt."

BERLIN CLAIMS PUSHING LINE FORWARD.

"Over 1,000 Prisoners and Six Heavy Guns Captured."

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The German Wireless says that reports received from Marburg state that the German wireless at Verdun was perfectly audible in Marburg and Ziegenham on Saturday, February 26, between 4 and 5 p.m., even indoors when the windows were shut. The distance between Verdun and Ziegenham is about 300 kilometres (180 miles).—Wireless Press.

BERLIN BOASTS. AMSTERDAM, March 3.—The Berlin Lokalanzeiger reports from German Headquarters near Verdun that since February 21 the Germans have gained 170 square miles of territory, or four times as much as the French gained during their offensive of last September. It is added that the German losses have been relatively small.—Central News.

Reports from various German sources, says the Central News, agree that the Germans are now concentrating fresh supplies of munitions and more guns at Spincourt in preparation for fresh assaults on Verdun. The other side of the picture is seen in messages which report that no fewer than 1,700 German dead were buried yesterday in the Beaumont region.

JOY RIDERS TO BE LAST CONSIDERED.

In view of the heavy consumption of motor spirit by private consumers, the Central News understands that the Government, acting through the Board of Trade, propose taking steps at an early date to secure more complete regulation of the supply of all motor spirit. The naval and military authorities will, of course, have first claim on all available supplies of petrol; public transit and commercial traction services will be afterwards accommodated, and private consumers will be the last to be considered. It is hinted that the supplies of petrol destined for this country during the next few months will be so much in demand by national services that in any case drastic action for the curtailment of private consumption is considered to be imminent.

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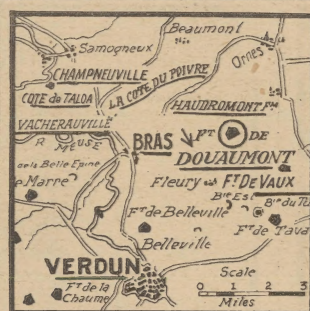
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S.E. COAST RAIDER FALLS INTO THE SEA.

French Report Capture of Hun Seaplane on Its Way Back.

The Secretary of the Admiralty announces that the French authorities at Dunkirk report that a German seaplane was picked up at 10 a.m. yesterday three miles north of Middlekerke Bank. It had come down at 9 p.m. on Wednesday after returning from England. One of the observers was drowned and the other picked up and made prisoner.

UNDERGROUND FOOD-WAY OF BRANDENBURGERS.

PARIS, March 3.—The Matin says: "As is well known, a party of Brandenburgers estimated at 400 strong at the most (a previous estimate was 2,000) has been in occupation of the ruins of Fort Douaumont for a week, but surrounded though they are in the fort, their envelopment is not complete. Towards the north they have kept possession of a narrow path through a copse by which they maintain communication with their own men, and so obtain supplies. That explains their prolonged resistance. Undoubtedly we could have delivered a decisive attack against them by hurling greatly superior forces to the assault; but they only represent a negligible quantity, and their fate is bound up with that of the battle which is raging on the whole plateau." The Petit Journal says the Brandenburgers, "who are 500 in number," are managing to get provisions by means of an underground passage.—Reuter.

Field Marshal von Haesler, according to the Gaulois, says Reuter, is in charge of the operations before Verdun. Von Haesler is eighty years old, and until his seventy-fifth birthday he commanded the Metz Army Corps. The writer in the Gaulois says that the Germans believe that the French have a superstitious fear of von Haesler, whom he calls "This sinister puppet," and that he is always referred to as "The Devil of Metz."

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COMPLETE VICTORY FOR DR. WILSON.

Senate "Tables" Motion Warning Americans Not to Sail.

MINE-SWEEPER LOST.

Germany's new submarine frightfulness has so far achieved very little, beyond leading to fresh complications with America.

President Wilson maintains his firm attitude, and it is believed he will hand the German Ambassador his passports. The vote in the Senate has resulted in a complete victory for the President's policy of giving no warning to Americans not to travel on armed liners.

GERMAN AMBASSADOR TO BE GIVEN PASSPORTS?

What President Really Said About Shortening the War.

WASHINGTON, March 3.—The vote in the Senate on Mr. Gore's motion in favour of an official warning to Americans not to travel on armed liners has, as was expected, resulted in a complete victory for President Wilson.

The resolution was "tabled" (ordered to lie on the table) by 68 votes to 14.—Reuter.

New York, March 3.—A statement is issued by the White House denying the assertion of Mr. Gore that Mr. Wilson had told the Senators that the United States was not averse from war with Germany.

The recall of Count von Bernstorff is regarded as imminent, despite the threat which has been incessantly circulated that the act would mean war.

In official circles it is believed that the President will try to solidify his position, and Congress and before the nation, by handing the Ambassador his passports.

Mr. Lansing is preparing a Note to Germany in which he will inform the Wilhelmstrasse that the submarine decree would preclude the possibility of a settlement of the Lusitania business, for which the United States can wait no more.—Central News.

MR. WILSON EXPLAINS. WASHINGTON, March 2.—An authoritative statement has been issued regarding the remarks which President Wilson made. "When the President was asked what would be the probable effect of the United States joining in the war against Germany he replied, it is stated, that it would tend to shorten the conflict."

It is emphatically denied that the President expressed any desire for the participation of the United States in the war in order to shorten it.—Reuter.

VENGEANCE ON U 27.

New York, March 3.—The unqualified charge is made to-day that the German Government, in its official correspondence with the United States, has not hesitated to resort to sheer mendacity.

The charge is substantiated by reference to Count Bernstorff's letter to Mr. Lansing, dated October 15, 1915, purporting to give the facts of the sinking of the Arabic as reported by Submarine-Commander Schneider.

It is now disclosed by British authority that neither Schneider nor his men could or did ever render report on how they sank the Arabic, to say nothing of signing affidavits on the subject for the simple reason that the guilty submarine, U 27, which Schneider commanded, was destroyed by a naval patrol boat shortly after the Arabic went down.

Two mortally wounded members of the U 27's crew were seized by the British, and before they died they admitted it was their boat that sunk the Arabic.

There is no question," observed a British official in the United States yesterday evening, "as to the identity of the submarine, for we have her boatworks and other gear."

"Recently the Germans asked through the American Embassy whether William Schulz, the warrant machinist of the U 27, had been rescued by us, and if he was a prisoner in our hands."

It is, therefore, evident that the long solemn memorandum presented by the German Government giving Schneider's reasons for sinking the Arabic is a string of impudent lies.

MINE-SWEEPER SUNK.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.) The Secretary of the Admiralty yesterday issued the following announcement:—"H.M.S. Primula, mine-sweeper, carrying out patrol duties, was torpedoed and sunk on March 1 in the Eastern Mediterranean."

"The whole of the officers and crew, with the exception of three men, were saved and are being landed at Port Said."



French hussars doing infantry duty in the trenches.

A "WHEELED" GOWN.



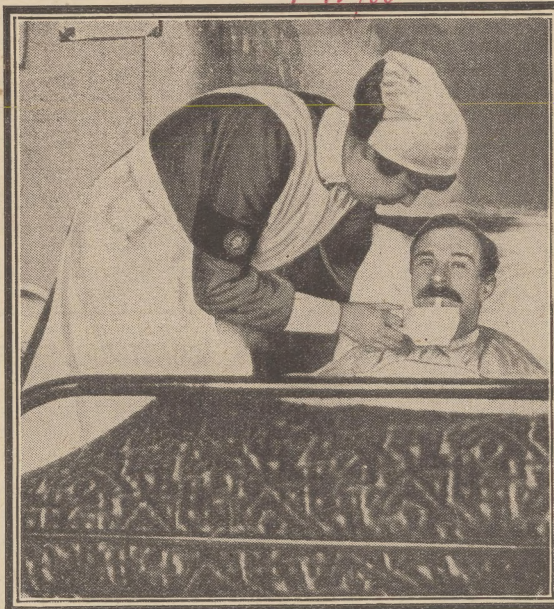
Afternoon gown with a simple white fichu collar and "wheels" of shaded embroidery which give it a smart and unusual effect.

AN ARTIST AND HIS BRIDE.



Cadet Leonard Finn (Artists' Rifles) and his bride, Miss Marguerite Schnell. Mr. Finn is a portrait painter and the son of an artist.

MAYORESS NURSES WOUNDED.



Sergeant W. Tyler, of the 1st Wiltshire Regiment, being fed by the Mayoress of Lymington, who is acting as a nurse at a local hospital. She is very popular with the patients.

AT THE "TIMBERTOWN" EMPIRE.



A scene from the late Stanley Houghton's play, "The Younger Generation," which was given by interned naval men at the "Timbertown Empire," Groningen, Holland.

TAKING CARE OF THE FUTURE CITIZEN.



Mrs. Clancy, superintendent of the Women's League of Service for the Protection of Babies, weighing a healthy-looking youngster. The society teaches mothers how to keep their little ones healthy.

MOTOR-CAR LEAPS HEDGE.



Car which leapt a 5ft. hedge near Carmarthen and was suspended by brambles above a 20ft. drop. The driver got out without a scratch.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, Ltd.

Chief Office—HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

Funds exceed £94,000,000.

Summary of the Report presented at the Sixty-seventh Annual Meeting, held on 2nd March, 1916.

ORDINARY BRANCH.—The number of policies issued during the year was 68,785, assuring the sum of £28,812,218, and producing a new annual premium income of £457,217. The premiums received during the year were £5,157,516, being an increase of £121,891 over the year 1914.

The claims of the year amounted to £4,330,768, of which £145,516 was in respect of War Claims. The number of deaths was 11,358. The number of endowment assurances matured was 25,559, the premium income of which was £137,797.

The number of policies in force at the end of the year was 935,514.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.—The premiums received during the year were £3,566,063, being an increase of £129,861.

The claims of the year amounted to £3,938,596, of which £255,499 was in respect of £5,373 War Claims. The bonus additions included in the claims amounted to £276,721. The total number of claims and surrenders, including 15,495 endowment assurances matured, was 429,510.

The number of free policies granted during the year to those policyholders of five years' standing and upwards who desired to discontinue their payments was 88,384, the number in force being 1,984,523. The number of free policies which became claims during the year was 51,417.

The total number of policies in force in this Branch at the end of the year was 20,859,877; their average duration exceeds thirteen years.

The War Claims paid during the year, in both Branches, number £3,920 and amount to £371,035. The total paid up to the present on this account since the outbreak of War exceeds £750,000 in respect of over 34,500 claims.

GENERAL BRANCH.—Under the Sicknes Insurance Tables the premiums received during the year were £2,045, and £5,448 was paid in Sicknes claims. The whole of the Fund of £16,955 is reserved for future liabilities.

The assets of the Company, in all branches, as shown in the balance sheet, are £34,794,798, being an increase of £3,592,454 over those of 1914.

The Directors, after careful consideration, feel justified in paying a bonus on all participating policies of the Ordinary Branch which become claims either by death or maturity during the financial year, but in view of the present unsettled condition it is not proposed to make a general distribution of bonus, and the shareholders will not therefore receive any part of the profits of this Branch. The interests of participating policyholders are safeguarded by a Special Contingency Fund of £700,000.

The provisions relating to Industrial Assurance contained in the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, 1914, have resulted in a severe strain upon the Company's resources, which has reduced the surplus shown on the operations of the year, and whilst these provisions remain in force the strain must continue. In these circumstances the Directors have not felt justified in drawing upon the £300,000 set aside last year to meet contingent liabilities created by the Act, but have met the loss out of revenue, and in addition have felt it necessary to increase the amount set aside by £50,000. The Courts (Emergency Powers) Act Reserve therefore stands, as at 31st December, 1915, at £350,000.

The profit sharing scheme in the Industrial Branch provides that after payment of a fixed dividend to the shareholders any surplus profit shall be divided into three parts: one part being retained by the shareholders, one distributed among the outdoor staff of the Company, and the remaining two parts being allotted by way of bonus to the policyholders of the Industrial Branch. The sum which has already been paid or allotted under this scheme by way of bonus to the Industrial Branch policyholders and outdoor staff amounts to £2,825,000.

The amount of surplus shown this year does not permit of any increase being made to this sum, there is, however, a substantial balance still remaining, from which bonus additions will be made to the sums assured on all policies in the Industrial Branch of over ten years' duration which become claims either by death or maturity of endowment from the 3rd of March, 1916, to the 1st of March, 1917, both dates inclusive, as follows:—

Premiums Paid For.	Bonus Addition to Sums Assured.
--------------------	---------------------------------

10 years and less than 35 years	£2 10s. per cent.
35 " " " " 40 "	25 "
40 " " " " 45 "	27 1/2 "
45 " " " " 50 "	29 "
50 " " " " 55 "	29 1/2 "
55 " " " " 60 "	30 "
60 " " " " and upwards	30 1/2 "

The strain imposed upon the Company by the operation of the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, and the necessity of reserving funds to meet the liabilities which this Act unnecessarily and inequitably creates, are in a large measure responsible for the temporary suspension of the profit sharing scheme; this year there will be no surplus profit-sharing by the shareholders or by the outdoor staff, while the fixed dividend of the shareholders will be reduced by £100,000.

In addition to the reserves held against the liabilities shown by the valuation the total amount reserved for contingencies, including amounts carried forward, exceeds £4,100,000.

The Balance Sheet includes amounts totalling over £13,000,000 in War Loan and Treasury Bills. The increase in the holding of British Government Securities compared with last year is £11,848,133, against a decrease of £8,276,885 in the Balance Sheet item "Railway and other debentures, and debenture stocks and gold and sterling bonds—Home and Foreign." Apart from the purchase of 41 per cent. War Loan, this is principally due to the sale to the Government in July last of the whole of the Company's holding of United States securities.

The following letter was received from the Chancellor of the Exchequer in connection with the transaction:—
[COPY.]
TREASURY CHAMBERS,
WHITEHALL, S.W.

4th August, 1916.
Dear Sir,
I have to thank the Prudential Assurance Company on behalf of His Majesty's Government for the patriotic spirit they have shown in placing at the disposal of the Treasury at a fair and reasonable price. The transaction has been of considerable assistance in facilitating Exchange operations, and the greatest credit is due to the Company for its prompt action.
Yours very truly,
R. McKENNA.

Prudential Assurance Company, Ltd.
The six Prudential Approved Societies formed under the National Insurance Act, 1911, continue to make satisfactory progress, and the valuable services rendered to the members by the Agency Staff are highly appreciated. The amount distributed in benefits to the members at their homes during the year amounted to £1,414,109, making a total exceeding £4,400,000 since the commencement of the Act.

It is with feelings of pride and satisfaction that the Directors are able to report that no fewer than 9,221 of their staff are either serving with the Colours or have attested or been rejected for service; 1,309 from the indoor staff and 7,916 from the outdoor staff.

Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co. have examined the securities, and their certificate is appended to the balance sheet.

THOS. C. DEWEY, Chairman.
W. J. LANGCASTER, Directors.
J. BURN, Actuary.
JAMES MOON, General Manager.
A. C. THOMPSON.
The full Report and Balance Sheet can be obtained upon application.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1916.

ADVICE FOR THOSE ABOUT TO DINE OUT.

YOU are over military age (suppose) and several friends have told you that, for such unwilling lookers-on as yourself, there is nothing worse than "sitting at home moping"—since it's one of the domestic dogmas that those who sit at home must necessarily mope; also. In order not to mope, you accepted that invitation for the theatre, or a dinner, some time back. It was rather a fine day when you accepted it. And now the evening has come.

But it is not a fine evening. It is by turns anything and everything but fine. It is raining. No. Say rather that it's snowing. Put it that it's sleeting. It is also windy. The road is deep in mud.

A cab is needed. Whistle. Nothing doing. You might whistle all night, and some people do. Ring up. No cabs on the rank. Ring up the other rank. No cabs there either. Your private car? Ah, even in war time, we cannot all afford them—yet. So nothing is left but to go out and "pick a cab up."

This airy plan of picking up cabs! The road, the pavements deep in slush. A cab! You shout, you wave, you brandish an electric torch.

No good. Taken. Flag down. But here's another—not taken. Flag up. Go on—wave again! Scream. Yell. Make an awful ass of yourself. No good again. He's gone.

Didn't he see? Most of them don't. It needs a whole streetful of yelling people before the average taxicabby's attention can be attracted. Didn't he see? Or didn't he want to see?

A repetition of the incident leads you to the sad supposition that he was unwilling—a married or unmarried slacker. You try the next one with vigorous command. You demand that he should stop. It is five minutes to eight. It is getting late and it will get later. Therefore you roar at him. Therefore you lose your temper.

No. He doesn't stop. He won't. What is to be done?

Let us appeal to the next one. Let us work upon his pity—"Oh, please! Please do! Oh, please do not leave us in the rain. Not in the sleet? Not in the snow?"

Yes, he does. He drives on. There is no time to work upon his feelings. He has already gone. You must walk. Evidently there is nothing for it but to walk all the way. Confound.

Confound everything. Confound dinners. Confound the dark. Confound cabs. Confound one's folly for promising to dine out during the war. Confound this war.

W. M.

DEATH AND LOVE.

Though I am young and cannot tell
Either what Death or Love is well,
Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
And both do aim at human hearts;
And then again, I have been told,
Love wounds with heat, as Death with cold;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extremes to touch, and mean one thing.
As in a ruin we it all
One thing to be blown up, or fall;
Or to our end like way may have
By a flash of lightning, or a wave;
So Love's inflamed shaft or brand,
May kill as soon as Death's cold hand;
Except Love's fires the virtue have
To fright the frost out of the grave.

BEN JONSON.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

"What is the will of God that I should do now? A little while ago it was His will that you should be at leisure, should talk with yourself, should write, read, hear, prepare yourself. . . . At present He says to you, 'Arm now to the combat. Show us what you have learned.'"—*Epictetus.*

PASSING OF THE BUCKET-SHOP KEEPER

AT LEAST ONE GOOD EFFECT OF THE WAR.

By ERNEST HAMILTON.

THE war is certainly responsible for one good thing, and I hasten to place it on record. It is the passing of the bucket-shop keeper.

Only a few days ago, while passing Romano's, a man nodded to me.

I could not remember his face, although I fancied that I must have met him. My companion, seeing that I was puzzled, said: "Why, it is old Snatchall! The poor devil is broke now."

Snatchall? Why, yes; I remembered. I remembered Snatchall, with his wonderful

advised his victims as to what shares they should select for speculative purposes.

Now, no man, however simple, who bets on horses would dream of asking his bookmaker for advice as to what horses to back. Nevertheless, there are—or were—many thousands of people in this country who were ready to accept the advice of the bucket-shop keeper on shares, and acting on that advice gracefully parted with their money.

HOW IT WORKED.

The method of operation was simple. Supposing one wanted to gamble in railway shares, say, Midland Deferred, the Stock Exchange price of which was, say, 68-5/8 (that is to say, they could be sold for the lower price and bought for the higher on the legitimate Stock Exchange). A deposit of 1 per cent. had to be given to the "bucket-shop keeper." If one wanted to gamble in £1,500 in shares a deposit

PUZZLES FOR PARENTS: HOW TO STOP QUARRELS.



Children must always have things exactly alike, and even then they'll quarrel as to which is which.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

FIT AND UNFIT.

ARE WE TAKING "HOSPITAL FODDER" FOR THE ARMIES?

NOT THE RIGHT WAY.

THE only way to get the men we need is to "unsugar" the fit single men.

Surely it is absurd to suppose that we can make-up for the loss of these by taking the unfit? C. C. E.

USEFUL?

"YOU may come in useful." This remark was made by a recruiting doctor to a friend of mine who is apt to be sorely hampered with rheumatism in wet weather. He is apparently "passed"—I suppose for home service. I also suppose that most of his service will be done in the local hospital. Does it seem very wise to take away income-tax payers from their work, in order to turn them into expensive invalids? A. T.

MARRIED AND SINGLE.

I READ that some of the married men in Manchester are so patriotic that they have actually formed a union to insist upon certain things being done to the single men before they themselves are taken.

Among their demands I note the re-examination of the medically rejected.

In other words these brave benedicts would secure for the single men into the Army than serve themselves.

Fortunately married men on the whole do not take this view, being perhaps grateful that they have not to suffer the pain borne daily by many of the unfit. B. S.

THE MODERN BOY.

THE modern boy is the product of three influences: indiscipline at home, the contemptuous attitude of parents to school rules, even in the matter of health; and the utter lack of co-operation between parent and schoolmaster. And, most powerful of all, the ridiculously long holidays, which tire parents and children alike.

A PREPARATORY SCHOOLMASTER.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 3.—There is still time to plant raspberries. This useful subject is very easy to grow and most productive if given a little attention.

Raspberries do best in moist positions and enjoy a rich and deeply dug soil. They should be set in rows that are about five feet apart, the plants being eighteen inches apart in the rows. The canes can be secured to a wire stretched along the rows.

Strawberries and the sandy whinberry may also be planted early this month. E. F. T.

European and Asiatic Stock Exchange, Ltd.—Snatchall, the man who was reputed to be making £100,000 a year; Snatchall, who always drove down to the office in a Rolls-Royce and got himself talked about in the papers because he never spent more than a penny on his dinner; Snatchall, who had lured to their ruin thousands of people and now was—broke.

Broke by the war!

I always felt sure that if one searched far enough and long enough it would be found that war was responsible for good things as well as bad things. Only a little while back I heard that to the war was due the discovery of margarine, and now I realised that war has killed the bucket-shop keeper. Few will grieve over his departure. Perhaps there will be little permanent benefit, for the foolish persons who lost their money to the bucket-shop keeper will find some other way of losing it. But in his way the bucket-shop keeper did much harm.

What precisely is, or, rather, was, a bucket-shop and what sort of person was its keeper?

A bucket-shop was an institution expressly founded for the one purpose of inducing excessively ignorant people to bet on stocks and shares. To bet that certain shares would either rise or fall. The keeper was the person who founded the institution, and not only acted as a sort of stock and share bookmaker, but also

of £10 was paid. Naturally, no shares were bought by the bucket-shop keeper. He just marked in his book that £1,000 Midland had been bought at 64. If the price fell to 63, the £10 margin was lost and either more money had to be put up or the transaction was closed. If the price went to 65, a profit of £10 was handed to the "client." Even if the game had been above board it would have been foolish, but the bucket-shop keeper took precious good care to see that few of his clients won.

In normal times stocks and shares always rise and fall. The bucket-shop wolf would ignore the rise and wait for the fall. As soon as the price fell the transaction was automatically closed. Often enough the shares only fell in price for half an hour or so. A few buying orders on the Stock Exchange would send prices up, but a bucket-shop keeper is always blind in one eye—the right.

Sometimes it happened that the most ignorant client won money despite himself and the bucket-shop keeper. Then came difficulty in getting the money.

Years ago I came into a little money just when there happened to be a boom in American railway shares. I knew nothing about America, railways or shares, and being young plunged heartily into a gamble in, I think,

Eries. Why I don't know. Probably I liked the name. My luck was in. Eries rose and rose until I decided I needed a little more money. Then I telegraphed to the bucket-shop man to close the transaction. Not hearing from him, I became suspicious, and thought it would be a good idea to call on him.

On walking into the office I was faced by a shrewd little boy who, I fancy, spent his whole day in telling great big lies to anxious inquirers. "Though young I was artful. I did not ask for Mr. Jones. I merely said, 'They should be in?'" and without waiting for a reply strode into the inner office.

Mr. Jones was never so surprised in his life as when he saw me. He came to me with a few eloquent phrases that I had no idea of the etiquette of the City; that I ought to write and not call; and that if I waited I would in due course get a cheque on "settlement day."

Common sense, however, has been my uncle to me than knowledge. I insisted on cash. I was big, I was blustering. I was a bully. In the end we compromised. He gave me my money back and £3 in addition with a promise of the remainder by cheque.

Many years have passed, but the cheque has never come my way. And now the war has made the bucket-shop keeper pass the way of all flesh.

THIS COULDN'T STOP BOTHA'S GALLANT TROOPS.



This was the method adopted by the Germans to try and stop the advance of the Union Forces. After blowing up this bridge they sent three engines rushing along the line. These overturned and choked up the gap caused by the explosion.

LONDON SCHOOLGIRLS ADOPT A LITTLE BELGIAN.



The girls hand in their pennies every week to pay for her keep.



Giving her a reading lesson.



Helping her to dress.

Elizabeth Callebaut, a little Belgian refugee from Antwerp, has been "adopted" by the girls of Wild-street (Drury-lane) London County Council School, who generously sacrifice their pocket-money for her benefit. They also "mother" her and help her with her lessons.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

SAVED COLUMN.

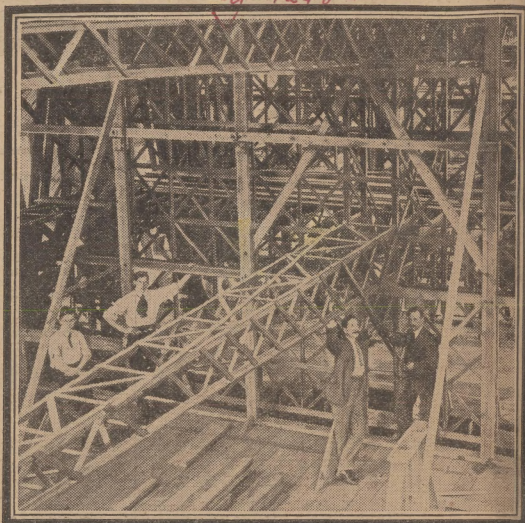


Captain G. Willoughby Atkins, awarded the Military Cross for saving part of a column from being captured at the Dardanelles.



Officers of the Flying Corps, most of whom are now serving in the Dardanelles.

THE ZEPPELIN HUNTER: MACHINE



Mr. Davidson has invented a remarkable machine which, he claims, is able to shoot down a Zeppelin in ten to twenty miles an hour. Here are seen a machine of the type and how it will operate.

"HOP."

THE MASKED MAYOR AND MAYORESS OF RHEIMS.

P 18400



Dr. Langlet (in centre), the Mayor of Rheims, with the Mayoress, members of the city council and employees at the town hall. As the Huns drop asphyxiating gas shells on the town from time to time they always have their masks ready.—(French War Office photograph.)

DARING WORK.

P 18401



Major Gerald Pilcher, who was dangerously wounded at Anzac. He was commended for work on the staff of the Australian Army Corps.

Canadians, keeping them now.

EL AT 200 MILES AN HOUR.



the ground without "taxi-ing," and which can obtain any speed Mr. Davidson in course of construction, and a drawing showing the

A NEWCOMER TO ENGLAND AT THE ALHAMBRA.

P 17671



Odette Myrtil is a Parisian who sings and dances while playing her own accompaniment. She had a long training in America, where she made a great reputation.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

MR. PEMBERTON BILLING'S SECOND ELECTION CAMPAIGN.

P 11008

P 14028



Nominations took place in East Herts, yesterday. Here are Mr. Pemberton Billing, the independent air candidate, and Captain Brodie Henderson (in uniform), the Coalition candidate.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

Are You Troubled by ASTHMA?

Are you being almost suffocated by that horrid strangling cough? Are you kept awake night after night? Don't suffer longer, but get Potter's Asthma Cure. Gives instant relief, and works wonders in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, and other lung troubles. The best remedy for bronchitis of children.

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

Is quite safe to use, it contains no opiates, and neither causes headaches nor bad after-effects. It is so sure to give relief that you should accept Free Trial at once.

Fill up form, and you will receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?"—full of facts as to the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists, and stores for Mr. Sign this Form To-day
To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E.
Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure

NAME
ADDRESS
"Daily Mirror."

Foster Clark's

A 2d packet makes 14 pints of Rich Nourishing Soup: Ox-tail, Mock Turtle, Green Pea, Mulligatawny, Pea, Lentil (Season 2d).
Easy to make—only water to add.
Send some in every parcel to your Soldier Boy.

2^d SOUPS

I guarantee to cure your PILES.

I will send you my complete 5/- treatment and you need not send a penny. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose on

MY FREE OFFER



FORREST BAGLEY, Secy. Consultant.

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OUR SPLENDID NEW SERIAL BEGINS ON MONDAY

LOVE ME FOR EVER

By META SIMMINS



Olive Chayne.

THE DREAM COMES TRUE.

JUST for a moment the sight of the police constable had brought a slight sense of shock to Richard Heathcote. So they were not going to escape from this storm in a tea-cup without publicity after all.

He wondered if Mrs. Chayne had put her threat into execution—unknown to her husband. With Olive's father he had come to a very definite understanding; he had called at Fifth-square on his way to Wardour-street, and had given Mrs. Chayne the unusual advantage of hearing some pungent home-truths. But Mrs. Chayne was quite capable of flying in the face of any facts.

Then, when the policeman spoke, Dick's fears vanished. "What's this disturbance about?" he heard the deep, loud voice demanding. "Shouting, and creating a disturbance in a private dwelling-place."

Dick hardly waited to hear any more. He laughed. It was the ancient owner of the house, then, who had summoned the police, alarmed, naturally enough, by the sounds that had proceeded from the locked room, and by the highly coloured story which Duprez had flung hastily at him as he made his victorious escape through the shop.

Some factually-distributed largess smoothed matters down in a few moments. The constable departed, and Dick explained something of the situation concerning Duprez to that individual's landlord.

The ancient man shook his head, however, when Dick spoke hopefully of a possible return to the house on the part of Duprez.

"Oh, no, sir! There is not the least likelihood of that. He owes me a couple of weeks' rent as it is, and his possessions—"

He spread his hands with an eloquent gesture. A sleeping suit, a dicky, and a dilapidated Gladstone bag—that was the luggage his expressions described. There was only one obvious thing to be done—and Dick did it. He paid the arrears of rent and left the shop, bowed out by the smiling proprietor.

Duprez had spoiled the Egyptians with a vengeance!" Dick said, smiling, as they went down the street together. "It's one of the neatest tricks that I've come across, I must say. He raised his stick and hailed a crawling taxi. The driver drove up at the kerb and Dick assisted Olive in."

"Where to, sir?"

"Where to? Dick was at a loss to answer the question. Somewhere that would take a long time to reach. "Home." The word had sprung naturally to his lips—but where was home?

He put his head into the taxi and repeated the question.

"Where to—Olive?"

"Home!" The answer came promptly.

"Richmond, Dick. We can send for our things to the old hotel any time."

There were no terrors lying in wait for her at the old house at Richmond now. Richmond

was home to them both, and for the moment Dick had forgotten any necessity for returning to the hotel.

There was only one necessity for him in all the world! To take this woman he loved in his arms, receive the kiss of which they had been cheated in the room above the shop. . . . Olive, his arm stole about her as the taxi bowed along swiftly, as though it were some live thing that was glad to be free from the hampering restrictions of crowded traffic. "I want you to tell me everything—everything. All the history of this last week, that I can only guess at."

He laughed as he drew her to him. "But first—I must have that kiss the policeman cheated us of! How long is it since I kissed you? Last night doesn't count."

"Last night?"

"Yes, last night, when I tucked you up in bed and left two kisses, one on each fast-closed eye."

"Dick, what are you talking about?"

He laughed down at her perplexity. He had never felt so happy and content. He had the feeling that he possessed her for the first time.

time. He had won her by right of conquest, after a grim fight.

"Well—why did you never tell me that you walked at night like a dear little white ghost—or an innocent Lady Macbeth?" he said.

There you were, stealing out and in—ready to tell your secrets—and mine—to anybody.

He regretted the bantering words as soon as they were spoken, as he saw how the colour spread painfully from brow to chin.

She wrenched herself away from him. "Do you mean that I walk in my sleep?" she cried. "Oh, Dick! Did anyone see me—Morrison—did she hear what I was saying—and what did I say? Oh, I wish you hadn't told me, Dick."

"Hush, hush. My dear, there's nothing to be distressed about. No one saw you but me, and you have never done it before that I know of—and last night your poor brain was taxed beyond bearing. Besides—I think you were sent—like an angel—to set me free from the prison of despair."

His tender soothing voice ceased abruptly. Memory came flooding in on him—memory that was like a cloud over the radiance of his happiness. The fact that had plunged him into despair. . . . that strange letter from a man he had believed dead. The letter that had not been opened.

He made a movement as though he would have stopped the taxi cab, then fell back on the seat again. Olive, glancing at his face, forgot herself.

"Dick, dear—what is it?" she asked. "There was no time for fencing now—he must get at the truth at once. He turned and put a blunt question to her:

"How do you think it might be possible that Rupert had escaped after all?"

"Never—never!" She looked at him with a new fear growing in her eyes. What do you mean, Dick?" she asked very quietly.

"Well, I have reason to believe that he is alive," he told her.

"Alive, oh, but impossible!"

This was not acting, and Richard Heathcote knew that. He could read the truth in her eyes

—eyes that told him that it would bring her joy, but dread into her life to have this possibility confirmed.

"A letter came for you last night," he told her. "I'm morally certain that it is written by Rupert—it had been readressed from Richmond to the hotel. Look here, I think we had better go back and fetch it. I had quite forgotten about it—all this morning's business drove it clear out of my head."

"No, we won't go back," Olive said with a quiet decision. "We're half-way to Richmond now. And—don't think me very selfish, dear—but I don't want to leave our home alone. We are sure to get it. We don't know what we may have to face—let us gain some strength together."

She let her hand rest in his with a firm, warm pressure. This was the crown of his married love, this moment; Richard Heathcote knew that. In Africa there had been the flame of passion; here at Richmond, in those days that had followed on his return, that passion had shut up, burning fiercely anew.

But this was different—this was something that no sorrow, no adversity could destroy—not the leaping up of a flame, but the warm, steady glow of a fire that would endure for ever.

Leaning there against him in the cab, her hand in his, she told him the story of these hidden days, and as he listened the man was ashamed of the glow of a fire that would endure for ever.

A flood last night at the sight of that letter whose contents were a mystery to them both still.

That he should, even for a moment, have doubted her!

He turned to her and told her simply of the thoughts that had come to him at the sight of Rupert's handwriting, asked for her forgiveness.

"Forgiveness, dear heart? If there were talk of forgiveness between lovers—how could I hope—"

He checked the words on her lips, in a lover's way.

"My wife—dear queen of the land of dreams come true," he whispered.

They laughed softly together. For of a truth there is no need for talk of forgiveness in that land of which love is the only door—

MRS. HEATHCOTE EXPLAINS.

AT the old house in Richmond a surprise waited for them. As their taxi turned in at the gates of the drive another was coming out, and Dick smiled at Olive.

"I bet you a fiver that's my mother," he said. "I haven't a notion why—but at the back of my mind all during the drive I have had the feeling we should find her waiting at the end of it."

"I'd give a fiver very willingly—if I thought I should be rewarded by a sight of Mrs. Heathcote," Olive laughed. "Dick, we shall have to look out for a nest of our own—we have kept her out of hers all too long. And she loves it so much."

Dick nodded. That thought had been in his mind for some weeks past. It was not fair to let mother to keep her out of her house; she was an old woman, and one who hated travel-

ling or change. They must settle down somewhere and leave her in peace.

At the door of the house Dick uttered a shout as he jumped down.

"She's here," he exclaimed. "There's mounds of luggage in the hall!"

Behind him Olive caught a glimpse of Mrs. Heathcote's tall figure.

"My dears!" There was welcome in her voice, but surprise too. "Didn't you get my message? I was just starting off in search of you. What a blessing we didn't miss each other—I couldn't have borne up under that."

The speech was not like her. Looking at his mother's face, Dick saw it aged and worn. Her eyes were the eyes of a woman who had wept much and watched. . . .

"Mother, my dear—what has happened? You look frightfully down."

"I'm tired, and I'm suffering from an incurable disease," she told him with a smile. "Yet, indeed, there's nothing to be alarmed about. We have all the seeds of it, you know—no harm!" She slipped her arm through Olive's arm and drew her into the house. "No need to ask if you are happy, dear," she whispered as they went in together.

This wife of her son's did not guess how radiant she looked. Mrs. Heathcote knew that, but even she was surprised at the glow of Olive's beauty. The soft eyes that were grey and green like the sea shone with a tender light they had never known before. . . . she was like a rose opening in the sun, as Dick had whispered as they drove down.

They went into the library. On the table Dick saw an open telegram lying, and would have picked it up, but his mother put out her hand quickly.

"No, not for a moment," she said. "I have something to tell you first."

And Dick, who that very day was waiting for her, stood hesitating they knew, Olive and Dick, what that word meant.

"I can guess, mother," Dick said. He met her searching eyes and nodded. His lips framed a word and hers repeated it aloud:—

"Mrs. Heathcote would have broken into eager questioning, but her son checked her.

"We know nothing, scarcely the bare fact. Tell us your news."

"He's a poor boy—but little more. He escaped—by what miracle he hardly knows himself. He is here in London, hiding, under some dreadful cloud at which I cannot guess.

"Practical! But is he? I know of a man who wants to see you, Dick, very badly."

"How long have you known this?" Dick asked, abruptly.

Only yesterday. A letter was forwarded to me—I was staying with my sister at Brighton for a few days—I came back to England rather suddenly, and had thoughts of settling down in London for a time. Then this altered all my plans."

"Where is he?"

There was an eagerness in Dick's voice, as though there and then he wished to gratify the wish of this boy he loved, who had treated him so well. . . . He had been anything serious?"

Mrs. Heathcote looked at him for a moment as though considering.

"Dick—as a matter of fact, he is here—in this house," she said.

Here it was Olive's startled voice that broke the little silence that had followed Mrs. Heathcote's admission. Without looking at her Dick was aware of the light that had flashed into her eyes. The same thought was in their minds. Here, on this second honeymoon, can now they were not to be alone. This man who had been the evil genius of their married life was to be with them once more under the same roof.

"Oh, I'm glad you have brought him home, if he is ill," he heard Olive say, and there was a little break in her voice. To his surprise and dismay he was aware that his mother had burst into tears. He saw her go up to his wife and put her arms about her.

"Olive, I thank you for saying that," she said brokenly. "My dear, he treated you cruelly once, but his own punishment has come. He

has suffered incredibly, but in nothing more than in his memories."

She told them a little of the story, of the privations of his flight down to the coast, of the cruelties of the natives amongst whom he fell. . . . and as Dick listened he suffered again something of the horrors that had come to him in his dreams—those horrors he had prayed Olive to help him forget.

"Let me go to him at once, mother," he said jerkily. "I have news that will ease some of his trouble, I believe."

At least so much he could save this man who had sinned against him, Dick Heathcote thought; the fear of any public consequence of his sinning his mind at rest, show him that he was free from any danger of exposure.

"I will take you to him now"—Mrs. Heathcote turned.—and Olive.

Olive will see him later, mother—alone."

Dick smiled at Olive as he went out. The door closed behind Mrs. Heathcote and her son, leaving her alone with the strange tumult of her thoughts.

This story will conclude on Monday, when the opening chapters of a great new story by Meta Alorton will appear. Do not miss them.

A CHILD DOESN'T LAUGH AND PLAY IF CONSTIPATED.

If Cross, Feverish, Constipated, Bilious, and the Stomach out of Order, give "California Syrup of Figs."

A laxative to-day saves a bilious child to-morrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste; then the liver grows sluggish, and the stomach is disordered.



Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, with tainted breath, restless, doesn't eat heartily, or has a cold, sore throat, or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is a perfectly harmless dose, and in a few hours all this constipation-poison, sour bile, and fermenting waste-matter will gently move out of the bowels, and you will have a healthy, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown ups plainly printed on the bottle. Look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." All leading chemists sell "California Syrup of Figs" at 1s. 3d. and 2s. per bottle. Refuse substitutes.

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Pain is nature's danger signal, showing there's something wrong in the system. Obviously, therefore, to permanently remove pain, you must remove the cause. That exactly describes the action of Chameleon Oil. No need to rub hard, gently does it. Chameleon Oil does more than deaden the aching and give temporary relief. Chameleon Oil finds and removes the cause. Hence its extraordinary success. In a hundred thousand homes to-day, the moment anyone feels pain, the advice is given, "Use Chameleon Oil, and end your trouble." Send a bottle to your soldier friend in the trenches. He will appreciate it.

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BEFORE AFTER



Lord Newton.

Diplomat and Humorist.

For more than a week past friends have been telling me that the Government intended to make use of Lord Newton. I was therefore more pleased than surprised to hear that he is to take over some of Lord Robert Cecil's work at the Foreign Office. As a fact, although it is not generally known, Lord Newton has been in the diplomatic service, and is certainly the wittiest man the F. O. has had for a generation.

He Loves a Joke.

Lord Newton is a capital speaker, and can even make the House of Lords see his jokes, and the Upper House is apt to be very sedate. He dearly loves a joke, and many is the speech I have heard him make at Cannon-street Hotel. The new Under-Secretary—who, by the way, declines to receive a salary—has written a remarkably clever book on diplomacy.

Sir John Simon's Critic.

I heard a good deal of talk in political circles last night upon Lord Derby's acridly humorous criticism of Sir John Simon. It was one of the most effective speeches of the kind I have ever listened to in the Painted Chamber.

Helping the Government.

Strangely enough, while Lord Derby was taking the ex-Home Secretary to task Sir John "in another place" was defending the Government from the charge of interfering with the liberty of the subject to the extent of abrogating the Habeas Corpus Act. This, it should be explained, is one of the results attributed to the Defence of the Realm Acts, one of which (if not more) Sir John had a hand in framing.

At the Carlton.

Lunching at the Carlton, I saw every sign of national prosperity. The room was crowded as ever, but there was very little khaki to be seen. I noticed Lord Lansdale (in a light fancy waistcoat) at a table with Lord and Lady Dalmeny.

That Cigar.

Lord Dalmeny looked very fit, and his wife very pretty—how tall she is, by the way! Sir Charles Wyndham was there, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Playfair, Sir Sydney Greville and many theatrical notabilities. After lunch Lord Lansdale proceeded to smoke "the same cigar" somewhere about a foot long! Mrs. Playfair looks wonderfully well, considering that she has just recovered from a severe illness.

Adopted 1,000 Children.

I have spent two or three enjoyable holidays in Rumania, where I heard many stories of Carmen Sylva. Here is one that has never before been printed. The Queen was passionately fond of children, and could never resist chatting with any little one that she met. If they happened to be in needy circumstances she would adopt them or pay for their education, and up to a few years ago had adopted at least 1,000 children.

Where England Scores.

At Bukarest I met a lady who acted as reader to the Queen—a very accomplished woman, who knew fluently eight languages. She told me that Carmen Sylva was not very keen on English novels, preferring French writers. On the other hand, she was very keen on English poets, her favourites being Tennyson and Shelley.

"Rosalie."

The more I have read of Mark Allerton's story, "Rosalie," which begins on Monday, the more I am convinced that it is a really fine serial. Mr. Allerton told me, quite modestly, that he knew he was writing a good story, as it came so easily and enjoyably to him. "Rosalie and her husband interest me tremendously," he said, "and I wish that the story could be twice as long." You will find that I have not misled you.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

Informing and Inspiring.

I know a crank who is collecting the great sayings of great men on the war. He thinks these should be treasured: Mr. Asquith—"No, sir; it would not be in the public interest." Mr. Tennant—"The War Office has no information." Mr. Balfour—"It would be inadvisable to say." He says he could give more, but I think these will do for the present.

Lord Aberdeen in America.

A friend who has just arrived from New York tells me an amusing story of Lord Aberdeen, who, with Lady Aberdeen, has been travelling in the States. On their journey from Jacksonville, Florida, to Philadelphia Lord Aberdeen lost his wife. He found himself on one express rushing northwards, and discovered that Lady Aberdeen was on another; they had entered different trains.

No Money.

But the tragedy came when Lord Aberdeen sat down to eat his first meal on the train: he found he had no money. He had to make elaborate explanations to the train conductor, and it was not until Lord and Lady Aberdeen met eventually many hours later at Savannah that he was able to discharge his bills.

Cinema on the Battlefield.

Mr. Arthur Croxton, Mr. Oswald Stoll's lieutenant at the Coliseum, tells me that Mr. Stoll has just given a new cinema projector for the use of the troops at one of the divisional theatres well inside the firing line in France. A little while ago the cinema machine used in one of the trench theatres had been blown to smithereens by a shell. Mr. Stoll offered to replace the shattered lantern with a new projector, and it will be on its way to France very shortly.



Mr. Arthur Croxton.

Films for the Front.

Apologies cinemas, Mr. Croxton, who has done no little quiet work in connection with the entertainment of the troops at the front, asks me to say that he will be glad to receive any old films of a light comedy order—nothing dull or educational—to send out for use on the field. Therefore, will any film makers who have no further use for their films remember that Mr. Croxton may be found at the Coliseum day and night.

Commissions for Pets.

I hear that Gertrude Lady Decies is the owner of one of the most ambitious dogs in the country. He is a Pekinese, with the stylish name of "Champion Queen Fel of Hollybrook," and—enrolled as a private in the Four-Footed Forces of the Ladies' Kennel Association—is earning a commission by collecting money for the Red Cross. He will be a captain when he gets £25, but really he aims at a generalship.

Dogs Move to Ranelagh.

By the way, the great Ladies' Kennel Show will be held this year, for the first time, elsewhere than at the Royal Botanic Gardens. They don't like dogs there any more, and, as the result of the protests by the Fellows at the recent annual meeting, the canine medallists are to assemble at Ranelagh instead, on May 31.

The Munster Matinee.

The matinee which is to be held in aid of the interned Munster Fusiliers in April is being organised by the officers and relatives of the regiment, who have a committee which exists for the purpose of sending food to the men. Mrs. Gower, the hon. secretary, is organising the matinee from the Munster Fusilier Prisoners of War Fund headquarters.

Mascots at Grips.

Two famous Midland battalions each possess as a regimental pet an immense wolfhound. Both units had marched into a certain market place with their pets facing one another. For a moment the corporate pride in charge of them relaxed their hold. The next moment a most glorious scrap was in progress, which compensated the "Tommyes" for all their hard morning's field work. It was some time before the rivals could be separated: While it lasted it was some fight!

A Match for the Muns.

I have just had an interesting talk with that fascinating Scotswoman, Dr. Elsie Inglis—the "Hamlet" of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, who have now returned from their heroic work in Serbia. Slight of stature and apparently so mild in manner, Dr. Inglis has a tongue, for German bullies, with an edge like a British bayonet.

The Henry James Service.

All literary London seemed to be at the funeral service of Henry James at Chelsea Old Church yesterday afternoon. As I was there some time before the service started, I was able to secure a good seat. Miss Ellen Terry, who followed every detail of the ceremony with the most marked attention, was in the same pew.

In the Congregation.

Scattered about the church I noticed the American Ambassador, Lord Courtney, Lord Bryce (who joined heartily in the singing of the two hymns), Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. R. B. Cunningham-Graham, Mr. Birrell, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. J. S. Sargent, Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Bonham-Carter. The Archdeacon of Middlesex, who conducted the service, was assisted by the incumbent, the Rev. M. S. Farmer.

Mrs. Coutts Michie.

The Mrs. Coutts Michie who has just given her house at 148, Queen's-gate, for a Red Cross hospital, is perhaps better known as the widow of Mr. McCullough, the millionaire and pioneer of the famous Broken Hill mine. His collection of pictures was sold some three or four years back at Christie's for over £150,000.

Lord Reading's Sister-in-Law

Mrs. Harry Isaacs—who is the Lord Chief Justice's sister-in-law—is to be the head of the nursing staff of the Michie Hospital, and I also hear that Lord Reading is giving a bed. The hospital will accommodate some fifty patients and a staff of thirty, of which the chief surgeon is Mr. Norman Patterson.



Miss Peggy Primrose.

The New Revue.

When Mr. C. B. Cochran produces his new revue at the Comedy Theatre—it will not be for a long time as "Shell Out" is so obstinately successful—you will find an important part for Miss Peggy Primrose. I hope she has at last got a part worthy of her talents. The book has been written by Mr. Paul Rubens and Mr. C. H. Bevill.

War Wit.

People are so grateful for a little amusement these days that they will laugh at anything. That must be why they laughed at "Jerry" on Thursday night and at "The Love-Thief" the night before. "Jerry," Mr. William Ashley's new play at the Duke of York's, was, I suppose, meant to be laughed at. But I was unable to raise more than a wan smile at "Pop off, as the champagne said to the cork," and, on the whole, that was the wittiest thing in the whole play.


Miss Yvonne Arnaud.

"Jerry" is one of those irrelevant plays that do happen to get staged from time to time. None of the incidents in the farce seemed to have any real connection with the others. But I can forgive Mr. Ashley much for having supplied Miss Yvonne Arnaud with so congenial a part.

A "Mirror" Poster.

Don't throw darts at the omnibuses next week. There is no prize offered.

THE RAMBLER.




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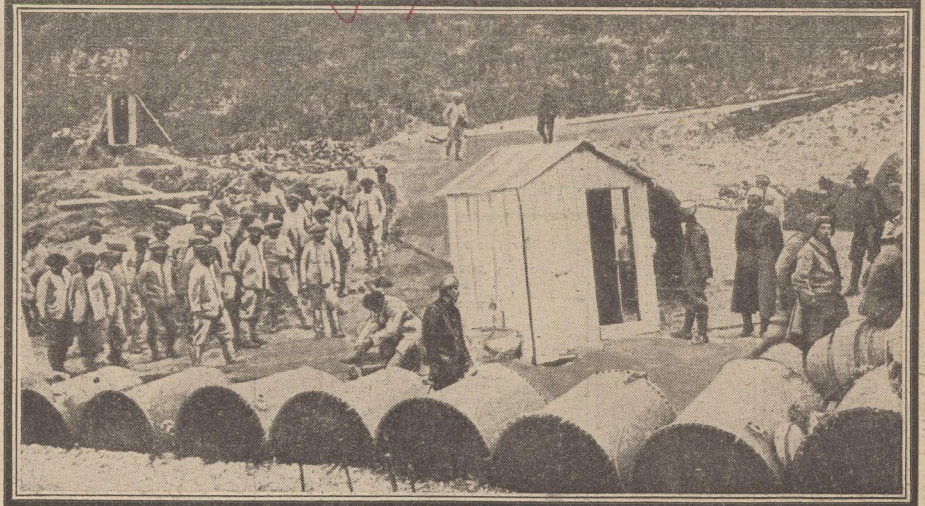
P 5411



Countess Pappenheim as she appeared in the sketch, "The Very Latest," which was performed at a charity matinee at the Gaiety.

GENERAL SARRAIL'S MOVE: SECURING SALONIKA'S APPROACHES

P 49218



French engineers on the beach with the oil-tanks which, in addition to guns, were found in large quantities.



One of the Greek forts, now occupied by the Allies, showing the big Krupp guns.

The fort Kara Baroun, which dominates the entrance to the Gulf of Salonika, was occupied by the Allies during January. Here were found Krupp guns of heavy and light calibre so mounted as to guard the entrance to the port from the sea and in enemy hands render it untenable to the Entente forces.—(French War Office photographs.)

SINGING FOR A GOOD CAUSE.

P 49113



Mrs. Walter Gibbons singing a duet with a Canadian soldier on behalf of a war charity promoted by her husband.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

LAST TO ATTEST.

P 18699



Mr. S. Salomans, a military cap maker, of Stepney, aged twenty-three, who was the last man in the United Kingdom to enlist under the voluntary system. He attested at 11.55 p.m. on Wednesday.

EXTENDING A HELPING HAND.

P 49088



The war against the mud and rain on the western front. The poilu often finds it a very difficult matter to get along, and requires assistance.

LINGFIELD RACING.

Snow, Wind and Heavy Going Make Matters Unpleasant.

Wretched weather conditions prevailed at Lingfield yesterday, snow and wind making matters unpleasant, and the course was in a very heavy state indeed. The meeting will be concluded to-day. My selections are appended.

1. 0-BULLFINCH.
- 1.35-ARAKHI.
2. 5-REDWOOD.
- 2.35-COUFREFFO II.
- 3.30-ARCHERSTOWN.
- 3.30-QUEL BONHEUR.

Double Event for To-day.

REDWOOD and QUEL BONHEUR.*

BOUVIERIE.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

1.0-SUSSEX H'CAP HURDLE, 85 sovs; 2m.	
Scrammer	5 12 7
Bullfinch	5 12 1
Shotwell	5 12 0
Simon Mac	6 11 12
Hampson Lad	5 11 10
Duke of Tipperary	6 11 10
Tobber	5 11 8
Over Anxious	5 11 7
Volcans	5 11 7
Rubber King	5 11 6
Mare's Pride	5 11 5
Vieiria	5 11 5
Daron Symons	5 11 2
Envyflood	5 11 2
Chaka	5 11 1
Fourpaw	5 11 1
Levanter	5 11 0
Thelma	5 10 13
Alwidd	5 10 13
Avernus	5 10 13

1.35-BRIGHTON H'CAP CHASE, 85 sovs; 2m.	
Ben a Beg	5 12 7
Father Confessor	5 12 6
Wayplace	5 12 6
Scoldrean	5 12 5
Abakar	5 12 5
a Dick Drum	5 12 4
Almstead	5 12 3
Cottage Maiden	5 12 2
Almstead	5 12 2
Top Hole	5 11 12
Boy Barker	5 11 11
2.5-WOLDINGHAM H'CAP HURDLE, 300 sovs; 2m.	
Londerry	5 12 7
Blue Danube	5 12 6
Redwood	5 12 5
Blue Stone	5 11 13
Drumlanrig	5 11 11
a Mint Master	5 11 7
a The Mimkin	5 11 7
Santa Bella	5 11 3
a Canute	5 11 1

2.35-MARSH GREEN CHASE, 100 sovs; 3m.	
a Templedowny	5 11 10
Convent II.	5 11 10
Alford	5 11 8
Ballist	5 11 8
Toller	5 11 8
General Fox	5 11 8
Rory of Moore	5 11 8
Ballinacree	5 11 8

3.5-GODSTONE MAIDEN HURDLE, 100 sovs; 2m.	
Chance Bird	5 12 0
Santa Bella	5 12 0
Blue Stone	5 12 0
Archibaldson	5 11 10
Declaration	5 11 10
Killama	5 11 10
Cambridge	5 11 10
Dan Russell	5 11 10
Snipston	5 11 0
Meadowcroft	5 11 7
Sir Artagal	5 11 6
Frejda	5 11 5
Sonlough	5 11 5
Kentucky	5 11 5

3.30-ROWLANDS MAIDEN CHASE, 100 sovs; 2m.	
Athens	5 12 5
Wooden Bridge	5 12 5
Red Sunset	5 11 12
Prince Edgar	5 11 12
Sahara	5 11 12
Marcham	5 11 12
St. Beuve	5 11 12
Mark Minor	5 11 12
Sweet Willow	5 11 12
Furry	5 11 12
West	5 11 12
Scarlet Bunting	5 11 12
a Dorcas	5 11 12

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PERSONAL.

SECRET Enquiries! Friends traced!-Rivers, 19, Regent-st., London.

KIDNAP.-Thanks; good idea; watch plain paper in parcel. Halsey-B.

OFFICERS' Uniforms and Effects purchased; best offers; no bargainings; instant settlements.-Goldman's Uniforms, Devonport. (Uniform sold).

HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.-Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st., W.

NEWS ITEMS.

Twelve Rescues by Fire Brigade.

Seven women and five men were rescued by the brigade from a burning building in Hampstead yesterday.

Another M.P. Resigning.

It is officially announced that Colonel Bowden, M.P. for North-East Derbyshire, is resigning shortly.

£2,000-a-Year-Infant to Pay Tax.

In the Court of Appeal yesterday their Lordships decided that William Huxley, the jockey and a minor, earning £2,000 a year, was liable to pay income-tax.

Shetland Travelling Stopped.

No person shall travel in a ship, vessel or boat of any description from any island in the county of Shetland to any other island in the said county without permission, says last night's Gazette.

Prussian Railway Smash.

Two goods trains collided at Wiedeheld (Prussia) says the Central News, both locomotives and thirteen wagons being destroyed and twenty wagons damaged.

Mother's Inquiry for Soldier Son.

Mrs. W. Allen, of West Bank, Ambergate, near Derby, is anxious for news of her son, Private George Allen, No. 7,467, A Company, 12th Service Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, B.E.F., reported missing on September 26, 1915.

TO-DAY'S FOOTBALL.

THE LEAGUE.-Lancashire Section: Burnley v. Bolton Wanderers, Bury v. Blackpool, Preston North End v. Southport Central, Liverpool v. Oldham Athletic, Manchester United v. Everton, Stockport County v. Manchester City. THE LEAGUE.-Midland Section: Bradford v. Barnley, Rochdale v. Leeds City, Huddersfield v. Bradford City, Chesterfield v. Stoke, Leicester Fosse v. Notts County. THE LEAGUE.-Derby County, Hull City v. Sheffield United, Sheffield Wednesday v. Lincoln City, Rotherham County v. Grimsby Town.

LONDON COMBINATION.-The Arsenal v. Tottenham Hotspur, Queens Park Rangers v. Clapton Orient, Crystal Palace v. Reading, West Ham United v. Brentford, Crystal Palace v. Watford, Fulham v. Chelsea, Luton v. Millwall.

SOUTH-WESTERN COMBINATION.-Bristol Rovers v. Swindon, Portsmouth v. Bristol City, Cardiff City v. Southampton, Exeter City v. Swansea Town.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.-Clyde v. Aberdeen, Glasgow Rangers v. Aberdeen Academical, Celtic v. St. Mirren, Dundee v. Falkirk, Hearts v. Partick Thistle, Motherwell v. Hibernian, Raith Rovers v. Morton, Queen's Park v. Third Lanark.

NORTHERN UNION.

LANCASHIRE SECTION.-Barrow v. Salford, Wigan v. Burncote, Oldham v. Dewsbury, Swinton v. Huddersfield.

YORKSHIRE SECTION.-Kull v. B. Helms Recreation, Bramley v. Bradford N., Leeds v. Halifax, Hunslet v. York, Batley v. Featherstone.

RICHY UNION.-Queen's Club: New Zealanders v. South Africans.

LINGFIELD RACING RETURNS.

1.0-MARCH HURDLE. 2m.-ROY HAMILTON (4-1, W. Fulton), 1; Wild Aster (100-8), 2; Old Blue (6-1), 3. Also ran: Gaihan (9-4), Screamer (4-1), Satterne (6-1), Bunch of Keys, Blind Hockey, Preliminary, Candydust, Fair Trade, Beldorney, Elsham and Glenville (100-6).

1.35-SURREY CHASE. 2 1/2m.-VERMOUTH (6-2, Reardon), 1; Ballinacree (10-1), 2; Konia (7-1), 3. Also ran: Templedowny (even), Waverley's Prince (6-1), Lamentable, Revy, Buce, Cortigan's Pride and Chang (100-8).

2.5-FELCOURT HURDLE. 2 1/2m.-ST. ALPHONSO (100-7, Mr. F. B. Bee), 1; Swing (100-7), 2; Green Lane (4-1), 3. Also ran: Shasacac (7-2), Talus (5-1), Coolgreen and Fortycot (7-1), Gravelotte and Marita (6-1), Ulm Bhu (10-1), Lord Ninian (100-8), Wayplace, Miss Master, Ranelagh and Grey Coronet (100-7).

2.55-BREXLEY HEATH CHASE. 2m.-GEORGE B. (7-2, Mr. H. Hartigan), 1; Bridge IV (9-4), 2; Clondalkin (7-1), 3. Also ran: Newry, Stonebridge, Master-at-Arms, Constat and King's Carr (5-2), 2; Irish Mail (100-8), 3. Also ran: Lord Marcus (6-1), Steady Trade, White Prophet, The Ant, John Chalmers, Fantasio, Toddston, St. Beuve, Copcan, Waltham, Electro and Fair Oaks (100-8).

3.5-LINGFIELD FLAT Welter. 2 1/2m.-THE BINKIN (5-2, Hopper), 1; Desmond's Song (6-3), 2; Irish Mail (100-8), 3. Also ran: Lord Marcus (6-1), Steady Trade, White Prophet, The Ant, John Chalmers, Fantasio, Toddston, St. Beuve, Copcan, Waltham, Electro and Fair Oaks (100-8).

4.00-ROSEBURY CHASE. 3m.-CARRIGURE (2-1, T. Hulme), 1; Stag's Head (11-4), 2; Suncho (3-1), 3. Also ran: Lynch, Pin (5-1) and Fortune Ray (100-8).

TO-DAY'S ATHLETICS.

Blackheath: Military races.

Perry Barr: Midland Counties Cross-Country Association ten miles scratch race.

Bristol: Bradford and District C.C.A. meet.

At the Ring to-night Ridesman Duke Lynch meets Mike Honeyman in a twenty rounds bout.



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